

## NEW BOOKS.

Brief Reviews of Important and Interesting New Publications.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Short History of the United States" (Herbert S. Stone & Co.) makes an interesting book. It comprises in 384 pages a story that is calculated to please many Americans and that should be suggestive to all. Of course it is an expansion story—a story of tremendous expansion. From Jamestown and Plymouth Rock and the Netherlands to Porto Rico and Hawaii and the Philippines is a long way. It is a journey calculated to tire the Atkinsonians, who are a great story, nourished on 13-cent dinners and sustained morally by their overflowing halos of unending obsequies. Mr. McCarthy's competence permits him to follow the history of the United States with approving enthusiasm. He considers that only four centuries have elapsed since this continent was discovered; that it is less than three centuries since civilization made its first tentative steps, and that the United States, now admitted to be of importance in the world, are not much more than one hundred years old. The history of the United States, he holds, declares, cannot be too well known or too deeply studied. He calls this history the record of the greatest effort for freedom, the greatest experiment in democracy ever made by man. Aside from the instruction that is in it, he finds that it contains the fascination of romance. The pages of America's chronicle, he says, are adventurous as an epic, splendid with heroic deeds, crowded with heroic figures. What he writes is calculated to make us feel good, though it is hardly to be doubted that we have anticipated him, and that we already feel that way, according to our habit and our plain provocation. We notice two or three slight errors and inconsistencies. It is said that the French landed at South Carolina in the middle of the sixteenth century, which was rather early. "Major-General Andrew" (page 187) gives a curious impression. On page 191 it is said that Jefferson's draft of the Declaration of Independence "was much altered" when it was submitted to the Congress, and on page 170 it is said that Jefferson's declaration, "after some slight changes," was adopted and duly signed by the Congress. On page 240 it said of Washington that his tastes were "not exactly simple," and on page 241 he is called "so simple." On page 242 we find the expression, "make a try." This is less formal than Gibbon; furthermore, it is more human. On page 302 it is said: "Havana faces New Orleans across the Gulf of Mexico." Of course, Havana, having as many miles as the compass, may be said to face anything. She faces the North Pole and the South Pole, and she faces the Gulf of Mexico and Africa and the Red Sea. On page 301 it is said that W. J. Bryan is called the "Boy Orator" because of his youthful appearance. This explanation is plainly inadequate. Mr. Bryan looks sufficiently mature. There must be some other reason for calling him juvenile.

It is hard to see, in the story called "The Measure of a Man," by E. Livingston Prescott, Dr. E. Fenno & Co., why the hero, an "enlisted man" and an excellent Sergeant, should have prostrated himself before the heroine who is here presented. She was slender and soft-handed, to be sure, with a sufficient independent income to pay her board, and she could come down the stairs noiselessly in the gray of the morning and consort with the dew and the flowers in an appropriate sort of way; but she was amazingly foolish, and her fanciful manner was no compensation for her deficiencies of soul and mind. The Sergeant ought to have devoted himself to the drill and grunted at the squad, and dismissed her valiantly from his martial memory. The trouble with him was that he was afflicted with imagination, and that he gave undue importance to matters that he did not understand. He called Miranda his "queen," and he was overhanging getting down on his knees to her, which must have been a matter of some difficulty if he was braced as tightly as some British Sergeants are. It is a positive pleasure to have her overcome by her cousin, the poet. We hate to say anything against a lady, but she deserved her fate. Her cousin's name was Fulbert, which is so much like Elbert that one has to be careful not to get the wrong impression. The first time she set eyes on him "the throbs of her heart robbed her of all power of speech." Not really, because she managed to say a few words, her "large eyes fixed on his with the terror of a trapped bird." His style of conversation would have been wearisome to some. He was a most obvious poet. He called her a virgin lily and a bluish rose, and her character is indicated when it is said that she liked it. The Sergeant tried to commit suicide for her. He walked into the sea and shot himself with a pistol. The bullet found an impenetrable obstacle in his skull; it glanced from that formidable structure, and the Sergeant was picked up by philanthropists, who carried him off to a cat-rango in South America. Finally, Miranda had the good fortune to be lifted by her cousin, the poet, and the faithful Sergeant was unfortunately enough to come back and secure her. Here is the final scene. The name of the Sergeant was Sadie Monek:

A wild, wild, yet soft, made the trees shudder and bow, and marshaled a solemn, gorgeous procession of giant clouds, purple and dun-amber, shot

with gleams of blinding gold across the pale green, melting into pure cowslip yellow and indefinable rose of the evening sky. The half light about her was faintly crimson and violet with the war of changing colors; sweet, half-articulate notes crept to her nostrils, a bird sang a quivering, halting song of faded sweetness. Then a great tide of warm, longing swept over her heart, so that she was fain to stand still and gaze upward for help and comfort to the City beyond the gates of the sunset and the mists of death and time. . . . She became aware of an approaching figure, darkly defined against the pale green of the sky. . . . The dying light flamed up, parting the clouds, and streams far and wide, the advancing figure stopped as if stricken to stone, stood statue-like a second, then with the sweep of an eagle's flight came down upon her. It was her turn to pause with a low, thrilling cry and lifted hands of terror and rapture. For the one had given up his dead, and Monek stood before her.

"Oh, Sadie! Sadie!" he cried with a strange, delicious softness of accent, and all her face as wildly transfigured as the sunset landscape, "is this you?" It was indeed Sadie Monek, Sergeant, who had come back through the earth, having the celestial colors to the girl who, having been lifted by her cousin, the garrulous poet, was now feverishly awaiting him. "Her lips clung to his," and that is the end of the story. "In Cloisters' Day," by Charles Curtis Hahn (Burling Printing Company, Omaha), is a little book of poems of feeling and delicacy. They seem to tell a story:

One eye I knelt in a Franciscan church, And one I need not name beside me knelt And prayed. The twilight cast a sacred gloom O'er nave and chancel. Sculptured saints, and saint in painting, shadow, smiling, and apart, Her face alone shone clear and angel-like. And, looking up to the one light Which burned before the Host, a tender light In her own face, bekened angel smiles. The sound of children chanting chorals, the hymns Of praise to Mary, floated down from stalls Up near the holy place. Two monks in cotta And stilled with the threefold cord, before The altar knelt in silent prayer. She, too, Dear one, prayed, silent. Heart told heart she prayed For me.

O, love, long since in Paradise! This night I will keep and kneel alone Where once those brothers knelt. O, love, lost love! As, walking through the fair ways of the world, In sacrament alone that eve by us, Thou lookest down upon a priest in prayer—Remembering that calm night of peace and love, Remembering him who loved, and loving, died To all the world for thee—this night, my saint, My loved one, pray for him who knelt with thee!

The second poem, entitled "After Many Years," may be accepted as a sequel. We give a part of it:

The peace of God has come to me at last! At peace, I kneel before the sacred throne. A peace, at last! Through stormy days I've passed, But through the storm I've come unto my own.

The sun shines brighter 'gainst the convent walls; The green of trees is greener in the wood. The flowers bloom brighter, and it seems as if They 'all the world there shines a beam of good.

The joy of peace! the joy of peace! By me, The seeking one, is found in cloisters dim. The path I've chosen is apart from men, And with the angels I now walk with Him.

"At the Mass." "Sweet Peace Is Born," "My Crucifix," "The Chained Out," and "A Dream of Solitude," are some of the other titles.

Among the many queer forms of writing devised by young Frenchmen to force themselves upon the notice of the public the self-inspiratory romance is one of the most amusing. M. Maurice Barres, a young man of talent, who can write excellent French when he chooses to, has done as much as any one to establish the fashion, and has led many younger men, who suddenly discovered how interesting they were to themselves, to rush into print and lay bare their precocious sensations to an admiring world. As they are all very young, their life struggles have usually been limited to the nursery, the home or the schoolroom, and their books are consequently, as a rule, eloquent outbursts, often not grammatical, against the tyranny of parents or of teachers who, in their blindness, have tried to repress the precious instincts of the author's inner self. The self revelations are often very funny, but still often painfully dull. It is this form of literature that Mr. Richard Le Gallienne now introduces to English readers in "Young Lives" (John Lane). The book is a collection of the new, innately childish style that for the moment is vying in London with the cult of what he calls "strange sins." A superior young man, with aspirations to become a poet or at least to achieve literary notoriety of some sort, and with a poor opinion of people who oblige him, is presented to us, as he is here by Mr. Le Gallienne. He "had no preference for any particular kind of book. It was an entirely abstract passion for print and paper. To have been the author of the 'Iliad' or of Beethoven's 'Book of Household Recipes' would have given him the same exaltation of authorship." The craving to see his name on a title page leads him on. At 19 years of age, having decided that it would be pleasant to leave home and have rooms of his own, he is overcome with indignation at the tyranny of his father in making the rest of the household arise early in the morning, and tells the author of his days what he thinks of him. It is a respectable middle-class family of Liverpool that is described, but we fancy that

Continued on EIGHTH PAGE.

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